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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Earthquake: a Tale. By the author of "The Ayrshire Legatees." 3 vols. Edinburgh. 1820.

The Ayrshire Legatees is a story, somewhat after the Humphrey Clinker manner, which has been continued through several Numbers of Blackwood's Magazine, and possesses so much merit as to have excited in us considerable expectations about any work from the same pen. These expectations have not been fully realized by the volumes before us ; for though they display talents above the common order, they are disfigured by blemishes which detract much from their general merit. Among these we might specify the striking instances of haste and negligence with which the Tale abounds ; but our chief objections are of deeper roots, and all springing from the want of nature. We are so tired of having human beings represented as acting from mystical perceptions, and on restless as they are irrational impulses, on unaccountable sympathies and morbid nothings, on imaginary destinies and inconceivable linkings, that the very approximation to such "pribbles and prabbles" (as Sir Hugh Evans would call them) sickens us to the soul. We would cheerfully allow as large a quantum of sensibilities and fated circumstances as any poet or novelist could reasonably ask ; but is it not monstrous to have fictions, presumed to be pictures of life and society, entirely founded, and depending in every incident on fripperies of this sort, while common sense and all the ordinary incentives to the actions of mankind are placed *hors de combat*? Certainly 'The Earthquake,' is very far from being the worst book we have seen of this class ; but it belongs to the school, and the school is offensive to our ideas of right reason and adequate motives. The *sec. Deus interisit* ought to be applicable in degree fully more than in mythological reality, as a sound canon on which to frame a likeness of the affairs of intelligent creatures ; and the rule of no effect without a cause, is as german in all its extent to morals as to physics. Vague and incomprehensible grounds of action ought therefore, if not discarded, to be sparingly employed in delineating human character ; and it is in our opinion, not only absurd, but dangerous, to draw men and things as if they were governed by indefinable and pre-destinated necessity, instead of free-will illuminated by the light of the understanding. So much for the principle to which the leading circumstances in this novel may be traced : need we add, that the consequences are improbabilities in the fable, and exagge-

ration (if not unnatural distortion) in several of the dramatis personae.

The Earthquake at Messina throws, rather forcibly together, a number of persons, who had been previously connected, but separated by the current of worldly adventure. Among these, the most prominent are a Count Cornelii, a Sicilian nobleman of large possessions, and a villain and murderer ; Castagnello, the son of an English lord and a Neopolitan actress, a voluntary with good disposition, but led astray by his passions ; Lord Wildwaste, his half-brother ; Lady Wildwaste, a noble dame ; Bellina, daughter of a Neopolitan grandee, and the first love of Castagnello ; Baron Alcamo, a pseudo philosopher, whose sister (the wife of Cornelii) had mysteriously disappeared ; the Baroness Alcamo, a fat lady ; Francisco their son, an ingenuous young man acting on preternatural fancies ; Adelina his sister, a devotee, and poisoned by Cornelii ; the lady of the same Count, a nun ; and his son Ferdinando, whom he stabs to death in the end, mistaking him for Francisco. Robbers and monks, friends, and a score or two of other characters, fill up the canvas.

The story is too complicated for us to unravel within the compass which we can afford to such a task. We shall therefore content ourselves with quoting a few pages to show the abilities of the author in many ways, though obscured, as we think, by the prevailing clouds of carelessness and mysticism. We begin with the Earthquake at Messina.

"Dreadful as the convulsion was which, in the course of less than half a minute, shook the splendid city of Messina into fragments, and buried thousands of the inhabitants beneath the ruins, the silent horrors of the scene next morning were, to the humane heart, still more appalling. During the earthquake the cries and distraction of the people were overwhelmed in the thunder of the falling edifices, and the roaring of the sea that fled and returned with a furious violence. The presence of the destroying angel was veiled in the clouds of dust which filled the mid-day air with suffocating darkness. It was only by looking at the print of his steps when the clouds had rolled away, that the terror of his might and wrath could be duly appreciated.

"Francisco rose at day-break with the intention of ascertaining what had been the fate of his different acquaintances, and particularly of a young man of the name of Salvador Pratano, his most intimate companion, who lived in a distant quarter of the town. But the streets were choked with rubbish, and the face of every object so changed that he lost his way, and, after

wandering about for some time, he burst into tears at finding himself a bewildered stranger in his native city.

"He had passed churches which the people dreaded to enter, for the vaulted roofs were riven asunder, and the pillars that supported them overhung their pedestals in the very act of falling. In one he saw the body of the officiating priest crushed beneath the statue of a saint that had been cast down from its niche while he was elevating the host at the altar. In others, where the people crowded during the convulsion, and from which, while the walls were splitting, they had as madly attempted to escape, he witnessed the most frightful spectacles of the dead and living, so locked and clasped, and kneaded, as it were, into masses together, that in many instances the persons employed in separating them were obliged to cut the dead bodies to pieces, before they could get the survivors extricated. But of all these terrible sights none affected him more deeply than the scene around the corpse of an old man, which his family seemed to have been depositing in a caddy at the very moment when the city was shaken asunder. The roof had fallen in upon them as they were bringing the bier into the middle of the charnel-house, and all the mourners were killed on the spot, while the body remained uninjured ; and the different skeletons stood around unmoved and entire, except one, which a little boy belonging to the funeral had convulsively seized by the leg and drawn across the heap of ruins which had crushed himself to death.

"In several places he passed knots of little children, sitting with their heads together, crying for their parents, and shivering with hunger. In others, he saw helpless old men who had lost their all and survived all their friends. When he first found himself at a loss to know his way, he enquired of a lady who was sitting gaily dressed at a window, and, as she did not answer, he thought she had not heard : he spoke to her again, and she looked at him. He addressed her a third time, but she only glared wildly, and raising her hands, shook them fearfully, and, turning her head away, made no reply.

"In many instances the sufferers were struck with a permanent consternation still more distressing, and he passed an old woman who was dangling the mangled body of her grand-child, and bestowing on it all the epithets of endearment. He stopped fascinated by the perfection of her misery, and she noticed him. In the same moment, an afflicting ray of reason seemed to dart across her mind, and, glancing a terrified look at the corpse to which she was singing so fondly, she dashed it from her with a

scream of horror and disgust, hiding her face in her hands against the refted walls of her roofless house. Francisco himself ran from the spot, but he was soon stopped by a crowd round a crazed paralytic friar, whom the police patrol were dragging to prison. He had been discovered in the act of robbing a church of the relics of a martyr, celebrated for their miraculous efficacy. They had been enclosed in a golden casket, which the priests belonging to the church accused him of attempting to steal, as he had burst it open; but it was only the sacred bones that he wanted, and he held them still in his hand.

"The emotion arising from so many successive scenes of madness and affliction became insupportable."

The author's great felicity lies in brief introductions of his characters: we have never read a book in which this difficult task was more tersely and happily performed. We take two or three examples. The head of a Sicilian town—

"Signor Corbo, the Prefect, was one of those personages, who have a mighty notion of the importance of office, and especially of magisterial dignity, and he conceived that power was never so wisely administered but in proportion as it was done promptly. Having been once deputed to the capital to obtain the modification of a local tax, in which the members of government took no other interest than as it was productive, they, at his suggestion, changed it to another, but levied both the original tax and the new one next year. This mission, with the official civility that he had met with, turned the head of Signor Corbo, and he fancied himself from that time, qualified to be a minister of state; so that when he returned home, he conducted himself in a manner perfectly suitable to this high conceit, making fine speeches that made him self very ridiculous."

"The Prefect, on seeing the crowd approaching, ordered as many to be admitted, as his saloon could hold, and retired to an inner chamber, where his clerk or secretary was sitting paring his nails, having previously mended his pen, preparatory to the important investigation.

"At the upper end of the saloon, into which the officer dragged the innocent capuchin, stood a large marble table, with an inkstand and a brazen lamp on it, at the one end was a chair of state, behind which, and under a canopy, hung the portraits of their Sicilian Majesties, under the right hand side of the table a rush bottomed chair was placed for the secretary.

"When the crowd had waited some time, a servant entered and lighted the lamp, a chamber bell was then heard to ring, and another domestic came from the inner apartment waving his hand as a signal for silence. He was followed by the secretary with a pen, and two or three sheets of paper in his hand; then came the grand personage himself, with an easy and negligent air, which was the more remarkable as it seemed to be put on for the occasion. It is not customary for provincial magistrates of

Sicily, any more than those of other countries, to affect this pompous negligence, but Signor Corbo had experienced the grandeur of its effect in the hollow familiarity of his intercourse with the great of Palermo.

"When Signor Corbo had taken his seat in the chair of state, he threw a glance of supreme discernment at the prisoner, and over the multitude, and turning to the secretary, said with a significant smile, drawing his hand over his mouth, 'A bad countenance,' and in the same breath raising his voice and looking from under his brows, he addressed the prisoner,

"Well, friend, what have you got to say for yourself?"

"Father Leonardo, not understanding the import of the question, answered timidly, 'Nothing.'

"Nothing!" echoed Signor Corbo chuckling—and the clerk recorded the word, 'that is worse than I expected.'

To match these genuine traits, we give the portrait of a medical practitioner of the same country.

"There lived at this time in Sciacca a little black and yellow apothecary, whom his friends styled Il Medico Gabinetto, but he was more generally known by the epithet of Poty Gabi. His hair was jet black, and it lay as smoothly on his head, as if it had been dressed with some of his own ointment. He commonly wore a purple velvetine waistcoat, speckled with gold, green inexpressibles, a sky blue silk coat, with large yellow buttons, and a cocked hat that might have served a grenadier. His watch chain, long and dangling, was adorned with many trinkets, among others with a small shell, on which he set great value, as it had been brought from the West Indies; and when he walked abroad, or to visit his patients, he usually carried a silver headed cane, considerably taller than the man who grasped it by the middle.

"Nobody thought so much of Poty Gabi, as he did of himself: he allowed however that there might have been doctors who treated their patients with more success, but was quite sure none carried to the couch of disease more skill, or sent so much medicine, notwithstanding which many of his patients unaccountably died."

Poty Gabi is robbed of his watch, which accounts for the incidental appearance of another character.

"Among those who most frequently and seemingly most fervently condoled with Poty Gabi on the irreparable loss which he had sustained, was a young man of the name of Gaminetti, who was not less satisfied with himself than the doctor with his own medical knowledge. Signor Gaminetti was indeed a very remarkable person, or rather, as he thought himself, he possessed a remarkable person, and that a very handsome one. His face was beautiful, and his cheeks were so prettily dimpled, and he knew this so well, that he constantly appeared with a smiling countenance, but his legs were round and not well formed, and being inclined to corpulence, his belly was larger than became his years. But as he

was not sensible himself of these peculiar drawbacks on his beauty, he rendered them more conspicuous by his fondness for dancing, although he had no natural taste for the art, being destitute of any musical ear; so that what with his blunders as to time in the dance, attracting attention to his legs, and his inordinate conceit of his person, causing him not only to hold his head up but to hold it back in dancing as in walking, he was really a very ridiculous figure.

"Signor Gaminetti, like all those who are on good terms with themselves, had a little spice of satire in his disposition, and he was in consequence regarded as agreeable company by many charitable minded ladies and gentlemen of Sciacca, who in a sociable manner delighted to pity the faults and misfortunes of their neighbours; and the story of Poty and his shell had often furnished him with a pleasant topic. It was however observed that although Signor Gaminetti was often invited to parties, he never gave any in return; perhaps he thought the invitations but a just tribute to his singular merits."

We consider these to be spirited sketches, and laudable for the naïveté of the touches.

The second volume is the dullest of the three, and fatigues the reader with a tedious journal of travels in the regions of Caucasus. Here new persons start up, figure, and vanish like the shapes of a magic lantern; and as they rise without effect, they pass without interest, and disappear without regret on the part of the spectators. We shall not dwell on such visions, but proceed to the third volume, for the purpose of extracting one of the most vigorous and pleasing descriptions in the tale—it is that of Castagnello's return to his native place.

"It was about noon when he reached the hotel where he intended to stay, and he felt so overpowered by the heat, that he stretched himself on a sofa and fell asleep. When he awoke the day was far declined, but as he was anxious to revisit the well-known haunts of his childhood, he hastily changed his dress and went out. He did not expect to be recognized by any of his former acquaintance, for twenty years had passed since he had seen any of them, nor did he wish to make himself known.

"His first course was towards his mother's villa, which overlooked the town. He was anxious to ascertain if she was still living, but was deterred from going directly to the house by a painful feeling at once desirous, and anxious, and reluctant.

"As he walked along, he thought the streets and buildings had universally become of a meaner appearance, and that every thing was touched by the hand of time, and wore an air of decay. He recognized in passing several houses where he had been an occasional visitor, and he lingered as he passed, in the hope of seeing some one belonging to them, but the guests that went in, and the inmates that came from them, were strangers.

"In crossing the Corso, he saw at a short distance the palace of the Duke del Fuoco, (the father of Belina) but he could not summon resolution to go towards it. It appear-

ed, in all respects, the same as when he left it on the fatal evening of his departure for Rome. Servants, in the same liveries, stood at the portal; the very awnings which were extended from the windows, seemed to be the same. Had he, however, enquired, he would have been informed that the master was changed; but such is the habitual system that grows up with hereditary wealth, that the characteristics of a great family often remain for ages unaltered, while the individuals that compose them fluctuate with the common tide of life, and are lost and forgotten in the general stream that has passed away.

"The first thing that he entirely missed, and it had been long removed, was a little rude shed, attached to a garden wall, immediately without the city, on the road which led to the hill where his mother's residence was situated. Under this shed, an old woman of a singularly neat appearance, and of a mild obliging disposition, was wont to keep a stall for the sale of fruit. She was a great favourite with the neighbouring children, and often in the cool of the shed he had sat in the hot weather with his playmates beside her. But she was dead many years, and a vile assemblage of docks and nettles, and rubbish, occupied the scite of this favorite haunt.

"While he was looking at this little scene of desolation, a beautiful girl with light step, bearing on her head a basket of flowers, came gaily down the hill, singing with the jocund carol of youthful animation. He thought he recognized the voice, and when she came nearer, he was convinced, in the feeling of the moment, that it was Brunetta, the daughter of his nurse, a happy tempered girl, who had often taken pleasure in teasing him while a boy, and he actually ran forward several steps towards her, when he perceived it was another. He, however, spoke to her, and heard, as if it had been a misfortune, that she was the daughter, and not the eldest, of Brunetta. He thought her beautiful, but far less so than her mother, and turned from her abruptly, while she pursued her way to the city, and resumed her song with the gaiety of a bird at liberty amidst its native bower.

"As he approached the villa, he heard the sounds of elegant music in the garden, performed with all the skill and taste which, in happier days, distinguished the concerts of his mother's little parties, after her retirement from the stage. He listened with inexpressible delight: the whole painful interval since he had last been on that spot seemed cancelled, and when the sonata was ended, he heard his mother call him by name, and chide him as an unruly boy, for having disturbed the performance. But it was another Castagnello, the son of one of his sisters; and it was not his, but the mother of that Castagnello, who chided him with much tenderness.

"The emotion which this little incident and discovery produced, quite overcame him, and he retired to a distance dissolved in tears, but the sound of music was renewed in a cheerful strain, and he acquired self-posse-

sion to go to the villa. He did not wish to be known: he was desirous to avoid those congratulations which might naturally be expected on such an occasion, and to shun enquiries that he could not answer without equivocation and shame.

"With a palpitating heart, he went to the gate which led to the garden where the musical party were sitting, in an alcove covered with vines. It was open, but he hesitated to enter: a young man, of a genteel air, however, on observing him, invited him to come in. 'We are celebrating,' said he, 'a little festival in honour of a relation whom we have not heard of for many years. It is his birth-day, and he was my benefactor; as he is among strangers, strangers are with us to-day most welcome; I therefore pray you to join our party.'

"Castagnello recollects that it was his own birth-day, a circumstance which he had forgotten; and he could not be mistaken that the youth before him was the child of his sister, for whose education in England he had provided, when in that country. This was the only moment of pure delight that he had ever enjoyed, and it was at once the just and natural reward of the kindness that he had shown to the orphan.

"He accepted the invitation of his nephew, but he was more than ever resolved to remain unknown.

"The party consisted of about twenty persons, besides a number of boys and girls, the children of his contemporaries. As the sun was set before he reached the gate, when he entered the alcove, it was so obscured by the umbrageous leaves of the vines, with which it was covered, that the faces of the company could not be easily distinguished. This afforded him an opportunity of knowing which of his relations were present, but as he heard nothing of his mother, he began to conclude in sorrow that she was gone to that country from which no traveller ever returns. He observed, however, an aged lady at the upper end of the alcove, seated on an armed chair, which was adorned with evergreens and garlands, and raised on a platform. It was evident that she was the queen of the festival, and when he reflected on the other changes he had seen, he thought that she could be no other than his mother, but she sat silent: no one noticed her, nor did she appear to notice any one.

"Soon after he had taken his seat, the servants distributed coloured lamps amidst the branches of the vines, and by their light he contemplated this figure at leisure. She appeared to be about three-score, and she was bent into a hoop, but with infirmities more than old age. Her figure was meagre, her arms skinny, and her head, which drooped and projected over her withered bosom, shook with palsy. The expression of her countenance indicated the last extremity of imbecility and dotage, and a driving smile, that mocked all mirth, wavered among her features, as she endeavoured to look round on the lamps as they glittered among the leaves.

"Castagnello perceived that her grey hairs were adored with a coronal of flowers,

and by the rich pendants of diamonds that sparkled in her ears—a tribute that had been paid to the matchless beauty of her youth.

—He recognized at last his mother. While he looked with anguish of heart on this fantastic spectacle, and saw that her mind, whose fine natural intelligence had once delighted and charmed the most polished spirits of Europe, was even more impaired than her person, he could not suppress his tears. At that moment the boy who bore his name came to her, and on her attempt to caress the child, she seemed to forget who he was, and to address him as her own Castagnello. The boy laughed at her mistake, and with an arch and playful look, asked her to sing one of her airs. The poor weak and vain old woman was pleased with the knavish flattery of the urchin, and began to scream one of her once-admired bravuras, which threw the child into an extacy of laughter—Castagnello could not withstand this: he started from his seat with indignation, and shaking the boy furiously, darted out of the garden, and ran to his lodgings agitated with the bitterest grief he had ever experienced."

We need add no other proof of the talents of the writer, if more properly directed, and less crudely developed than in these pages. He appears to us to be a young writer, (though report ascribes the work to Mr. Wilson, the Professor of Moral Philosophy) and his work to have been cast out without undergoing that polish, which deference to the public, and a regard for his own fame, ought to have suggested. A little attention would have prevented the occurrence of such vulgarity as the mention of ladies *setting* on a sofa; of such blunders as Tartar for Tatar, a Turkish courier; and of such contradictions as that a prisoner was detained 'several hours' in a room where he 'was not allowed to remain long.' (page 269, vol. 2.) These, it is true, are but trifles; but it seems too much the fashion of late, for able writers to fancy that any thing they do is good enough for publication, and therefore they may spare themselves the trouble of correcting errors. Of the graver fault, generated between the heat of the mystagogue and the vapour of the pedagogue, we shall offer but two very short examples. The effects of a religious admonition are thus painted:—

"His observations however had taken a strong hold of the outcast's mind, which in the whole course of the journey from Calatabellotta to La Catholica, wandered as it were in a chaos of conjectures, and vague imaginings. His spirit was like the soul of an Atheist immediately after death; when it finds itself in the eternal regions, and still doubts if the things and elements around are ever-lasting truths, or the phantasms of a dream."!!!

"The resolution to change the character of his actions stood like a beautiful rainbow in the clouds that spread darkness over his future destiny. As often as he thought of the reception which his brother might give him, a fierce glance of despair flickered like lightning over the prospect, and a deep and aimless misanthropy rolled a peal of terrible and universal vengeance."

Yet this misanthropical scoundrel is decked out with a hundred virtues by the author. This mode of Nature's journeymen making men, is of evil tendency; for it perplexes and confounds the palpable relations of innocence and guilt.

We shall say no more, but that in the end all the characters die or are executed, having each reached the respective climax of becoming driveller, recluse, or assassin.

Picturesque Tour from Geneva to Milan, by way of the Simplon; illustrated with Thirty-six coloured Views of the most striking Scenes, &c. Designs by the Lorys of Neufchâtel: Particulars, historical and descriptive, by F. Shoberl. 4to. pp. 136. London, 1820.

The distinction of a work of this class residing in the plates, it is impossible for us to convey to our readers an adequate impression of its nature. The praise of the pen very imperfectly illustrates the merits of the pencil and graver; and we can only state that these plates are generally characteristic, pleasing, well chosen, and ably executed. The work is therefore recommended by beauty in its ornaments; and indeed nothing of the kind can be more remarkable, nor afford a more distinct idea of the extraordinary scenery and stupendous forms of Switzerland; of the magnificent galleries and bridges belonging to the greatest work of Napoleon Buonaparte; and of the glowing loveliness of Italian landscape, than is here presented.

Mr. Shoberl has also acquitted himself with great ability in the letter press. His recollections are judiciously made, and entertainingly put together, to enhance the interest of the pictures. Of this we shall annex a few instances, and with these recommend the volume to the public. At Geneva, it is stated—

"The Library, which owes its origin to the illustrious Bonnivard, prior of St. Victor, at the time of the reformation. It contains 50,000 printed volumes and 200 manuscripts, among which are 24 volumes of sermons by Calvin, collections of letters of Calvin, Beza, Bullinger, and other reformers; sermons by St. Augustine, written on papyrus, of the 6th century; and a fragment of the accounts of the expenditure of Philip the Fair, of the year 1314, consisting of six small wooden boards covered with a wax-like substance, upon which the letters are engraved. In one of the apartments of the library are deposited optical and mathematical instruments, anatomical preparations, antiquities, among which is a circular silver shield, weighing 34 ounces, with embossed figures, and the inscription:—'Larigita D. N. Valentini Augusti. It was found in 1721 in the old bed of the Arve. No more than two other shields of silver from the time of the Romans are known to be extant; both are in the royal library at Paris.'

The following anecdote relative to the Simplon, is of another character.

"During the march of the army of reserve under Buonaparte, when consul, across the Great St. Bernard, 4,000 French and Helvetic troops were sent on the 27th May, 1800, under General Bethencourt across the Simplon to secure the pass of the Yesselles and Domo d'Ossola. Falls of snow and masses of rock had broken down a bridge, and the way for a space of sixty feet was interrupted by a tremendous abyss. A bold fellow volunteered to make the following hazardous attempt. Setting his feet in the holes made in the perpendicular rock to receive the timbers of the bridge, and stepping from hole to hole he fortunately reached the other side. A rope which he took with him was now stretched at the height of a man against the rock; General Bethencourt was the first who holding by this rope, which was of no great strength, and pursuing the steps of the first adventurer, crossed the chasm. He was followed by all his troops encumbered as they were with their arms and knapsacks. To commemorate this daring enterprise, the names of all the French and Helvetic officers are engraven in the rock. There were five dogs with this battalion. When the last man had got across, all these animals plunged at once into the abyss; three of them were immediately carried away by the impetuosity of the glacier torrent; but the two others were strong enough to contend with the stream and to climb the steep rock on the other side, where maimed and exhausted they made shift to crawl to the feet of their masters."

Near Gondo, (of which a very striking view is given) "The traveller, as he pursues the route, soon observes a large erection of simple but gloomy architecture, which admirably harmonizes with the general nature of the surrounding scenery. This is an inn belonging to the Barons Stockalper, who are the proprietors of several buildings of singular architecture along this route. It is composed of eight stories, but only two of them are habitable; and here travellers overtaken by a sudden storm find a welcome shelter. A chapel, and some inferior buildings, dependent upon and belonging to this inn, form the village of Gondo, which belongs to the Valais, though the Italian language is spoken by its inhabitants.

"A little to the south of this inn, on the frontiers of the Valais, at Zwickbergen, a gold mine was formerly wrought by the family of Stockalper. The gold was found in pyrites, embedded in quartz. M. Maffoli has for some years been working three perpendicular veins, and has opened a shaft on the other side of the river, having reason to suppose that the veins are continued so far. The stream which comes from Zwickbergen, and forms a fine cascade opposite to Gondo, carries gold sand along with its current.

"The family of Stockalper, mentioned above, possesses extensive property in the Valais. It is related that one of its ancestors, by erecting buildings on various hills, awakened the suspicions of his countrymen, who were extremely jealous of their independence, and who sentenced him to forfeit

part of his property. In this dilemma, Baron Stockalper had recourse to stratagem: he buried large sums under the altar upon which he was directed to deposit his fortune, and swore that all he possessed was under the hand which he extended over the altar. It would be difficult to decide what degree of credit ought to be given to this tradition; but from a custom formerly prevalent in the Valais, it may be presumed to be founded on fact. When any individual became too powerful, a log of wood was exhibited to the people, and each of those who designed to associate against him who excited their alarm drove a nail into it. The form of this log was subsequently changed; it was carved into the figure of a man, and the head was adorned with cocks' feathers. Such of the citizens as had at heart the maintenance of the liberties of their country carried this statue into a public place. Here they stood round and asked it questions, but finding that it remained silent, they appointed one of their number to be the interpreter of its will. When this was made known, the most eloquent of the company exhorted the people to preserve their ancient customs, and to defend the public liberty; the day of execution was fixed, and if the unfortunate person against whom the storm was gathering, could not find means to appease the fury of those who were leagued against him, or was unable to resist them by force, he was obliged to flee and to leave his possessions at the mercy of the incensed people, who, headed by the wooden statue, the signal of disorder, broke into his house, which they pillaged, and destroyed all his effects. This custom originally instituted for the defence of public liberty, afterwards degenerated and was rendered subservient to personal or party animosity; so that by degrees it fell into disuse."

We shall conclude with only one example more of Mr. Shoberl's performance.

"Somma is interesting to the antiquary as the spot where Hannibal defeated Scipio; its local circumstances at least, so closely correspond with those described by Polybius and Livy, as to give the highest degree of probability to this notion. Castel Seprio is believed to be the *vicus* mentioned by those writers as the capital of the Insubri; the hills and hillocks scattered over a plain of considerable elevation, the Tessino, which flows beneath, and the Alps whose bases commence here, all appear to prove the identity of this village. In one of the beautiful gardens that surround Somma, is a very aged cypress, the trunk of which is at least sixteen feet in circumference. It is a curious fact that in the upper part of this village water is found in great abundance nearly at the surface of the earth, while the inhabitants of the lower part can scarcely obtain it even by sinking the deepest wells. At Legnano are the remains of the palace of Otho Visconti, and two churches erected after the designs of the celebrated Bramante. Here too is an hospital for persons afflicted with a singular disorder called *pellagra*, which is epidemic in this part of the country. It begins with a slight cutaneous affection, which

is followed by total and absolute debility; and terminates in mental derangement and phrenzy. This disease was scarcely known till within the last fifty years; it spread considerably in 1781, and has since continued; a prize has been offered for the best memoir on the means of curing this disorder, but without effect."

BOOKS &c. FOR THE YOUNG.

A Piece of Christmas Reviewing.

Among the improvements of our age, there is nothing more obvious than the increase of inventions and labours, devoted to facilitate the instruction of youth; and we are convinced that generations succeeding us, will prove the beneficial effects of the pains thus bestowed on an object so vitally important. In former times, a manual or book, was constructed for the use of the heir of some mighty monarchy; but now, the meanest peasant child that can read, enjoys hundred facilities for acquiring knowledge, such as a century ago no royal pupil could attain. At this season it may not be *mal à propos* to notice a few of the latest productions; and therefore, we trust, our mature friends will not quarrel with us for devoting a few columns to the younger branches of the social tree.

1. *The Monarchy of the Bees*: a Poem. pp. 59.

This little book exhibits, pleasantly enough, some of the most remarkable traits in the history of one of the most curious creatures in existence; and is calculated to induce a love for natural history. We quote an episode, as an example of its style.

Two Bees, one morning fair in May,
Did each in quest of honey stray;
The one was profligate and wild,
The other sober, chaste, and mild.
They had not travell'd o'er much ground,
Ere they a wide mouth'd vial found,
With honey laden full and sweet,
As though prepared their wants to meet.
The unthinking profligate alights,
And his companion much invites;
The sober youth, with cautious eye,
Perceives, or fears, some danger nigh;
Perhaps, while sipping round the brink,
He might within the vial sink,
And thus untimely meet his fate,
Whil'st of the honied sweets he ate;
Forewarn'd of ill, he takes his leave,
With promise to return at eve,
And searches out an orchard fair,
Where he procures him ample fare.
Now sinks in shades the lamp of day,
And homeward bends the peer his way,
But lest the striping late should roan,
He calls, to bid him hasten home;
Upon the vial's brim he stands,
But now, alas! too late commands;
The giddy youth, while round he tript,
Into the vial's mouth had slipt,
Immers'd in sweets, he tried in vain
The treach'rous vessel's brink to gain;
Clogg'd and enfeebled in his wings,
The viscid juice around him clings;
Exhausted, when his friend draws near,
He dying sinks, appall'd with fear,
And in faint tones lamenting cries,
Mourns his untimely end, and dies.

2. *The World in Miniature*. 2 vols.

This is a pretty publication, just commenced by Mr. Ackermann. It contains a description of the manners, &c. of the inhabitants of different countries, and is neatly adorned with coloured engravings of natives in their several costumes. These volumes are assigned to the people of Illyria and Dalmatia, of the great Slavonian, Wende, and Illyrian families, such as Morlachians, Croats, Montenegrins, &c. &c. Turkey, China, Russia, and Africa, are announced to follow: about one volume monthly. The whole will form a beautiful juvenile present; and we have only to hint to the compiler, to be very guarded in his description of particular ceremonies, so that they may involve nothing improper to be submitted to youthful imaginations.

3. *The National Reader*. By the Rev. T. Clark.

A plainer performance, and sequel to the National Spelling Book. The lessons are judiciously selected, and there is a great deal of information in a cheap form.

4. *Travels through England, Wales, and Scotland, in the year 1816*. By Dr. S. H. Spiker, &c. 2 vols.

These travels of an able foreigner, were not published distinctly as a work for young readers, and are indeed worthy of the favourable regard of persons of every age. But we cannot help considering them as peculiarly fitted, by their particularity and observation upon things (so familiar to seniors as to appear trivial to them), for conveying a just idea of the present state of their native land, to scholars and students of both sexes, not beyond their teens. In this point of view, we could hardly mention a more useful and meritorious book; or one from which a clearer insight into our statistics, manufactures, arts, commerce, &c. &c., may be obtained.

5. *The Family Cyclopedia*. By J. Jennings.

Neither is this publication, strictly speaking, a book for children. It is however, as far as we can judge, from examining the three parts issued (out of Ten projected for its completion), a very useful family compendium of necessary knowledge. It is alphabetically arranged, and comprises information on the subjects of domestic economy, agriculture, chemistry, medicine, &c. &c. It seems to be carefully and honestly compiled, and will, we think, be reckoned a valuable work by the middling classes, for whose benefit, as a Cyclopedia of reference, it seems calculated.

6. *More Minor Lessons; or an Introduction to the Winter Family: with Aunt Eleanor's Stories interspersed*. 12mo. pp. 304.

A more proper and more entertaining book to put into youthful hands than this, we have rarely seen. The language is good, the sentiments moral; the one without fineness, and the other without affectation. A multitude of apt and interesting anecdotes,

renders the enforcement of sound principles as amusing as it is excellent; and we are sure, that both pleasure and advantage must be derived from the perusal of this well-conceived volume. We select one page easily separable, as a specimen. The following is told among other anecdotes, illustrative of the qualities of dogs.

"A lady, with whom I am acquainted, had two dogs—Perdue and Vixen, the one a spaniel, the other a terrier. These dogs were great favorites, and generally in the lady's sitting-room. Sometimes it happened that they were ordered out of it, and the humour shewn on this occasion was whimsical. If Perdue was first ordered to quit the room, she rose reluctantly, but always went and seized hold of the ear of her companion, Vixen, and so forced her out also; and, if Vixen had the command given her first, she never failed to perform the same ceremony on Perdue, when together, they contentedly sought another place of repose. It so happened that these favorites had puppies at the same time, all of which, except one, were drowned. About this single puppy the mothers were, for the space of a week, perpetually quarrelling; after which they were observed to agree perfectly well. On watching them, it was discovered that one mother nursed the puppy during the day, and then resigned her place to the other, who nursed it through the night."

7. *Geographical Game. The Juvenile County Atlas*.

This is a pack of cards each with an English county upon it, and by playing the game, the geography of the country is taught. We have seen a similar invention in wood fitted together, so that when every piece was laid down, the whole formed England. In this respect, it had an advantage over cards, the blank edges of which do not allow the parts to come close together: but the cards have in turn the advantage of being more readily played, and of not wearing out so soon by frequent joinings.

8. *A Synopsis of the Roman History*,

Is what it purports to be, namely an enumeration of the principal events in Roman History, from the foundation of Rome to the extinction of the eastern Empire in 1460, by the Turkish victories over the Comnenii and Paleologi. This synopsis is printed on the face of a large sheet of paper, which folds and puts into a case like a map: the whole being brought as it were into one view, tends to impress youthful minds more strongly; and indeed is useful as a convenient index even to the classical historian.

9. *A Genealogy of the Kings of England and their issue, from William the Conqueror to the present time*. By R. Mitchell.

This is a still more generally useful work, engraved on a large sheet, and handsomely executed. It displays at once, in the customary form, the whole royalty of England since the conquest; and the marriages, and issue of all the families which have sat upon the throne. It is clearly devised, and looks

well from the armorial bearings &c., with which it is at once illustrated and ornamented. The copy before us is a third edition, which shows that its utility has been duly appreciated by the public; it is a very clever performance, and valuable for historical and biographical reference to old and young.

10. *The stream of History, showing the rise and fall of Empires, and the progress of the Arts, Sciences, and Literature of every nation in the World, from the earliest ages to the present time; originally invented by Professor Strauss, with numerous additions and improvements, by C. Irving, LL. D.*

This admirable design being in truth what it pretends to be, we can only say that a more excellent production for instilling necessary knowledge, is not to be imagined; nor could the most learned among us conceive a better plan for impressing the grand outline of general history upon the mind. Every great people is represented by a stream which rises among the clouds of antiquity at the top of the map, and in descending to the bottom, mingles with other streams, or separates from them, as events require. These being coloured of different hues, the whole is rendered distinct and obvious. The chart is crossed by parallel lines divided into dates, as maps are into latitudes, which denote the eras of the rise and fall of the nations; and on the streams are inscribed the principal names, circumstances, and epochs, which ought to be remembered. Either for schools or libraries, this is a most valuable work.

BELZONI ON NUBIA AND EGYPT.

(Second Journey—Continued.)

Our last notice of this work closed with some remarks on the inestimable treasures brought to England from the scene of Belzoni's researches by the Earl of Belmore. That nobleman, we observe from the author, was the foremost to enter the newly discovered tomb of Sa-methis, at Gournou; the foremost to explore, when first opened, the recesses of the second pyramid. It is quite delightful to find a man of his rank thus devoted to scientific pursuits; and the respect and admiration of the community will be enhanced when it is told that Lady Belmore shared these perils, and underwent all the fatigues of travelling throughout these eastern regions. The result has been the collection of many of the most extraordinary and valuable remains of the elder world.* Specimens of papyri, which, if any thing can recover a knowledge of the hieroglyphic language of Egypt, will essentially contribute to the accomplishment of that desideratum; and should that never take place, must throw prodigious light upon the mythology of a people from whom nearly all that is curious, interesting, and venerable in the history of mankind, is to be traced. His Lordship is equally rich in subjects calculated to illustrate the literature, the arts,

* One of these precious specimens is a perfect roll of papyrus taken from a mummy; it is about nine inches in width, and probably twelve feet in length: the writing is as fresh as when inscribed.

and the manners of the ancient Egyptians; and the examination of his museum has tended materially to confirm in our minds the theory of the learned Von Hammer, published in the *Mines of the East*, and translated into our Journal (see the *Literary Gazette* for 1818, Nos. 55 and 56). But though these antiquities have enlarged our views on the points which they embrace, and greatly increased our pleasure in perusing Belzoni, we must not dwell upon them so long as to detain us irrelevantly from our more obvious task of continuing the narrative of his second journey.

Continuing his excavations at Gournou and Carpak, Mr. Belzoni observed enough of the three modes of embalming the dead to confirm in the main the account of Herodotus, that the corpses of the great were kept from decay with the utmost care; that the richer classes were also disposed of in a costly manner, and that even the poor were obliged to liniments and nitre for a prolonged posthumous preservation. Among other notices the following is worthy of extract, as it may tend to explain the finding of animal bones in the sarcophagus of the pyramid, and indeed furnishes the best general information we have met with respecting Egyptian sepulture.

" I must not omit (says the author), that among these tombs we saw some which contained the mummies of animals intermixed with human bodies. There were bulls, cows, sheep; monkeys, foxes, bats, crocodiles, fishes, and birds, in them: idols often occur; and one tomb was filled with nothing but cats, carefully folded in red and white linen, the head covered by a mask representing the cat, and made of the same linen. I have opened all these sorts of animals. Of the bull, the calf, and the sheep, there is no part but the head which is covered with linen, and the horns projecting out of the cloth; the rest of the body being represented by two pieces of wood, eighteen inches wide and three feet long, in an horizontal direction, at the end of which was another, placed perpendicularly, two feet high, to form the breast of the animal. The calves and sheep are of the same structure, and large in proportion to the bulls. The monkey is in its full form, in a sitting posture. The fox is squeezed up by the bandages, but in some measure the shape of the head is kept perfect. The crocodile is left in its own shape, and after being well bound round with linen, the eyes and mouth are painted on this covering. The birds are squeezed together, and lose their shape except the ibis, which is found like a fowl ready to be cooked, and bound round with linen like all the rest.

" It is somewhat singular that such animals are not to be met with in the tombs of the higher sort of people; while few or no papyri are to be found among the lower order, and if they occur they are only small pieces stuck upon the breast with little gum or asphaltum, being probably all that the poor individual could afford to himself. In those of the better classes other objects are found. I think they ought to be divided into several classes, as I cannot confine myself to three.

I do not mean to impute error to Herodotus when he speaks of the three modes of embalming; but I will venture to assert, that the high, middling, and poorer classes, all admit of farther distinction. In the same pit where I found mummies in cases, I found others without; and in these, papyri are most likely to be met with. I remarked, that the mummies in the cases have no papyri; at least, I never observed any: on the contrary, in those without cases they are often obtained. It appears to me, that such people as could afford it would have a case to be buried in, on which the history of their lives was painted: and those who could not afford a case, were contented to have their lives written on papyri, rolled up, and placed above their knees. Even in the appearance of the cases there is a great difference: some are exceedingly plain, others more ornamented, and some very richly adorned with figures, well painted. The cases are generally made of Egyptian sycamore: apparently, this was the most plentiful wood in the country, as it is usually employed for the different utensils. All the cases have a human face, male or female. Some of the large cases contain others within them, either of wood or of plaster, painted. The inner cases are sometimes fitted to the body of the mummy: others are only covers to the body, in form of a man or woman, easily distinguishable by the beard and the breast, like that on the outside. Some of the mummies have garlands of flowers, and leaves of the acacia, or sunt tree, over their heads and breasts."**

" The next sort of mummy that drew my attention, I believe I may with reason conclude to have been appropriated to the priests. They are folded in a manner totally different from the others, and so carefully executed, as to shew the great respect paid to those personages. The bandages are stripes of red and white linen intermixed, covering the whole body, and forming a curious effect from the two colours. The arms and legs are not enclosed in the same envelope with the body, as in the common mode, but are bandaged separately, even the fingers and toes being preserved distinct. They have sandals of painted leather on their feet, and bracelets on their arms and wrists. They are always found with the arms across the breast, but not pressing it; and though the body is bound with such a quantity of linen, the shape of the person is carefully preserved in every limb. The cases in which mummies of this sort are found are somewhat better executed, and I have seen one, that had the eyes and eyebrows of enamel, beautifully executed in imitation of nature."***

" Vases are sometimes found containing the embalmed entrails of the mummies. These are generally made of baked clay, and painted over: their sizes differ from eight inches to eighteen: their covers represent the head of some divinity, bearing either the human form, or that of a monkey, fox, cat, or some other animal. I met with a few of these vases of alabaster in the tombs of the kings, but unfortunately they were broken. A great quantity of pottery is found, and also wooden vessels in some of the tombs, as if

the deceased had resolved to have all he possessed deposited along with him. The most singular among these things are the ornaments, in particular the small works in clay and other composition. I have been fortunate enough to find many specimens of their manufactures, among which is leaf gold, beaten nearly as thin as ours. The gold appears to me extremely pure, and of a finer colour than is generally seen in our own. It is somewhat singular that no instruments of war are found in these places, when we consider what a warlike nation the Egyptians were. What has become of their weapons I cannot conjecture; for in all my researches I found only one arrow, two feet long. At one extremity it had a copper point well fixed in it, and at the other a notch as usual to receive the string of the bow: it had been evidently split by the string, and glued together again.

" Among other articles too numerous to be mentioned, the beetle, or scarabæus, to all appearance a highly sacred animal, is found in the tombs. There are various sorts; some of basalt, verde antico, or other stones, and some of baked clay. They are scarce, particularly those with hieroglyphics on them, which no doubt contain some particular prayers, or the commemoration of striking events in the life of the deceased."

Lord Belmore has more than a hundred of these beetles; some of them in baked clay glazed and coloured more vividly than the highest modern porcelain. Fine linen; leather tanned, stained, and embossed; coarse glass; beads of various sorts; enamelling; gilding of wonderful brilliancy and beauty; copper cast in sheets; a metallic composition like lead, but more tenacious, and similar to that on tea-chests; and silver ornaments (though rare) are among the materials enumerated by Belzoni, as found in the tombs and mummy pits. Precious stones are also obtained from them; and sculpture executed on four sorts of stone, the sandy, the calcareous, breccia, and granite. The author asserts that the Egyptians also understood and practised the turning of arches; but it does not seem to us that his reasoning is conclusive on this question. Nor are his conjectures on matters which require learning worthy of having much weight attached to them: respecting what he has explored and seen we are disposed to give him every credit; but it is evident that he is destitute of those deep endowments which are indispensable to a just critical appreciation of doubtful antiquities. We therefore pass the more willingly from his conjectures to his picture of the Troglodytes of the Sepulchres.

" Their dwelling is generally in the passages between the first and second entrance into a tomb. The walls and the roof are as black as any chimney. The inner door is closed up with mud, except a small aperture sufficient for a man to crawl through. Within this place the sheep are kept at night, and occasionally accompany their masters' in their vocal concert. Over the doorway there are always some half-broken Egyptian figures, and the two foxes, the usual guardians of burial-places. A small lamp, kept alive by

fat from the sheep, or rancid oil, is placed in a niche in the wall, and a mat is spread on the ground; and this formed the grand divan wherever I was. There the people assembled round me, their conversation turning wholly on antiquities. Such a one had found such a thing, and another had discovered a tomb. Various articles were brought to sell to me, and sometimes I had reason to rejoice at having stayed there. I was sure of a supper of milk and bread served in a wooden bowl; but whenever they supposed I should stay all night, they always killed a couple of fowls for me, which were baked in a small oven heated with pieces of mummy cases, and sometimes with the bones and rags of the mummies themselves. It is no uncommon thing to sit down near fragments of bones; hands, feet, or sculls are often in the way; for these people are so accustomed to be among the mummies, that they think no more of sitting on them, than on the skins of their dead calves. I also became indifferent about them at last, and would have slept in a mummy pit as readily as out of it."

Here they appear to be contented.

" The labourer comes home in the evening, seats himself near his cave, smokes his pipe with his companions, and talks of the last inundation of the Nile, its products, and what the ensuing season is likely to be. His old wife brings him the usual bowl of lentils and bread moistened with water and salt, and when she can add a little butter it is a feast. Knowing nothing beyond this he is happy. The young man's business is to accumulate the amazing sum of a hundred piastres (two pounds and ten shillings) to buy himself a wife, and to make a feast on the wedding day. If he have any children, they want no clothing: he leaves them to themselves till mother nature pleases to teach them to work, to gain money enough to buy a shirt or some other rag to cover themselves; for while they are children they are generally naked or covered with rags. The parents are roughly cunning, and the children are schooled by their example, so that it becomes a matter of course to cheat strangers. Would any one believe, that in such a state of life luxury and ambition exist? If any woman be destitute of jewels, she is poor, and looks with envy on one more fortunate than herself, who perhaps has the worth of half-a-crown round her neck; and she who has a few glass beads, or some sort of coarse coral, a couple of silver brooches, or rings at her arms and legs, is considered as truly rich and great. Some of them are as complete coquettes, in their way, as any to be seen in the capitals of Europe."

" When a young man wants to marry, he goes to the father of the intended bride, and agrees with him what he is to pay for her. This being settled, so much money is to be spent on the wedding-day feast. To set up house-keeping nothing is requisite but two or three earthen pots, a stone to grind meal, and a mat, which is the bed. The spouse has a gown and jewels of her own; and, if the bridegroom present her with a pair of bracelets of silver, ivory, or glass, she is happy and fortunate indeed. The house is

ready without rent or taxes. No rain can pass through the roof; and there is no door, for there is no want of one, as there is nothing to lose. They make a kind of box of clay and straw, which, after two or three days' exposure to the sun, becomes quite hard. It is fixed on a stand, an aperture is left to put all their precious things into it, and a piece of mummy case forms the door. If the house does not please them, they walk out and enter another, as there are several hundreds at their command; I might say several thousands, but they are not all fit to receive inhabitants."

From Cärnak part of a colossal statue of red granite was carried to the boat at Luxor. An altar with six divinities in alto relief from a temple at the same place, and a number of other antiquities, were also removed. Mr. Belzoni, after enumerating these articles and dilating on his trouble in securing them, goes into a long tirade upon his disputes with the French agents, which appears to us to be much misplaced in his volume; but exceeded in impropriety by the manner in which he treats Mr. Salt, without whose assistance it does not seem at all probable that he could have moved a single step, or made one effectual discovery. We are sorry to say this of a person of so much ardour and enterprise; but it is as impossible in justice to speak otherwise, as to fancy that a traveller in the author's circumstances could have done any thing in such a country as Egypt through his own means and influence. It therefore looks like ingratitude to insinuate even in the slightest degree, any censure upon Mr. Salt, to whom we must think Mr. Belzoni indebted for the foundation of all his achievements.

As nothing more, however, remained to be done near Thebes, in consequence, as is alleged, of the intrigues of the French and the want of support, our author on the 23d of May, set out for Assouan. Thence he went to Philæ, and hastily surveyed the ruins on that island, which he refers to the latest Egyptian era. Mr. Salt having advanced the necessary money, he next proceeded to open the temple at Ybsambul. On his way he was joined by Captains Irby and Mangles, and the party together celebrated the King's birth-day, to the great dismay of the natives round about, who could not conceive that so much powder as they fired off was expended without bloodshed and slaughter.

After overcoming excessive difficulties, in removing the accumulated sand of ages from the temple at Ybsambul: "on the first of August," says Mr. Belzoni, "we entered the finest and most extensive excavation in Nubia, one that can stand a competition with any in Egypt, except the tomb newly discovered in Beban el Malook."

" From what we could perceive at the first view, it was evidently a very large place; but our astonishment increased, when we found it to be one of the most magnificent of temples, enriched with beautiful intaglios, painting, colossal figures, &c. We entered at first into a large pronao, fifty-seven feet long and fifty-two wide, supported by two rows of square pillars, in a line from the

front door to the door of the sekos. Each pillar has a figure, not unlike those at Medinet Aboo, finely executed, and very little injured by time. The tops of their turbans reach the ceiling, which is about thirty feet high: the pillars are five feet and a half square. Both these and the walls are covered with beautiful hieroglyphics, the style of which is somewhat superior, or at least bolder, than that of any others in Egypt, not only in the workmanship, but also in the subjects. They exhibit battles, storming of castles, triumphs over the Ethiopians, sacrifices, &c. In some places it is to be seen the same hero as at Medinet Aboo, but in a different posture. Some of the columns are much injured by the close and heated atmosphere, the temperature of which was so hot, that the thermometer must have risen to above a hundred and thirty degrees. The second hall is about twenty-two feet high, thirty-seven wide, and twenty-five and a half long. It contains four pillars about four feet square; and the walls of this also are covered with fine hieroglyphics in pretty good preservation. Beyond this is a shorter chamber, thirty-seven feet wide, in which is the entrance into the sanctuary. At each end of this chamber is a door, leading into smaller chambers in the same direction, with the sanctuary, each eight feet by seven. The sanctuary is twenty-three feet and a half long, and twelve feet wide. It contains a pedestal in the centre, and at the end four colossal sitting figures, the heads of which are in good preservation, not having been injured by violence. On the right side of this great hall, entering into the temple, are two doors, at a short distance from each other, which lead into two long separate rooms, the first thirty-eight feet ten inches in length, and eleven feet five inches wide; the other forty-eight feet seven inches, by thirteen feet three. At the end of the first are several unfinished hieroglyphics, of which some, though merely sketched, give fine ideas of their manner of drawing. At the lateral corners of the entrance into the second chamber from the great hall is a door, each of which leads into a small chamber twenty-two feet six inches long, and ten feet wide. Each of these rooms has two doors leading into two other chambers, forty-three feet in length, and ten feet eleven inches wide. There are two benches in them, apparently to sit on. The most subjects in this temple are, 1st. a group of captive Ethiopians, in the western corner of the great hall: 2nd. the hero killing a man with his spear, another lying slain under his feet, on the same western wall: 3d. the storming of a castle, in the western corner from the front door. The outside of this temple is magnificent. It is a hundred and seventeen feet wide, and eighty-six feet high; the height from the top of the cornice to the top of the door being sixty-six feet six inches, and the height of the door twenty feet. There are four enormous sitting colossi, the largest in Egypt or Nubia, except the great Sphinx at the pyramids, to which they approach in the proportion of near two-thirds. From the shoulder to the elbow they measure fifteen feet six inches; the ears three feet six

inches; the face seven feet; the beard five feet six inches; across the shoulders twenty-five feet four inches; their height is about fifty-one feet, not including the caps, which are about fourteen feet. There are only two of these colossi in sight, one is still buried under the sand, and the other, which is near the door, is half fallen down, and buried also. On the top of the door is a colossal figure of Osiris twenty feet high, with two colossal hieroglyphic figures, one on each side, looking towards it. On the top of the temple is a cornice with hieroglyphics, a torus, and frieze under it. The cornice is six feet wide, the frieze is four feet. Above the cornice is a row of sitting monkeys eight feet high, and six across the shoulders. They are twenty-one in number. This temple was nearly two-thirds buried under the sand, of which we removed thirty-one feet before we came to the upper part of the door. It must have had a very fine landing-place, which is now totally buried under the sand. It is the last and largest temple excavated in the solid rock in Nubia or Egypt, except the new tomb. It took twenty-two days to open it, besides six days last year. We sometimes had eighty men at work, and sometimes only our own personal exertions, the party consisting of Mr. Beechey, Captains Irby and Mangier, myself, two servants, and the crew, eleven in all, and three boys. It is situated under a rock about a hundred feet above the Nile, facing the south-east by east, and about one day and a half's journey from the second cataract in Nubia, or Wady Halfa.

"The heat was so great in the interior of the temple, that it scarcely permitted us to take any drawings, as the perspiration from our hands soon rendered the paper quite wet. Accordingly, we left this operation to succeeding travellers, who may set about it with more convenience than we could, as the place will become cooler. Our stock of provision was so reduced, that the only food we had for the last six days was dhourra, boiled in water without salt, of which we had none left."

On the 4th of August they quitted this interesting spot, and sailed rapidly down the Nile, now at its height.

MYTHOLOGY OF AMERICAN INDIANS.

[From Heckewelder's Memoir, in the Transactions of the American Phil. Soc.]

It is a curious fact, that the American Indians practise the same sort of visionary and supernatural initiation of *all* boys which Egede so interestingly describes as the process by which the Greenlanders prepare their *Angekokos*, or Sorcerers. Concluding this subject the author says, "I once took great pains to dissuade from these notions a very sensible Indian, much esteemed by all who knew him, even among the whites. All that I could say or urge was not able to convince him that at the time of his *initiation* (as I call it) his mind was in a state of temporary derangement. He declared that he had a clear recollection of the dreams and visions that occurred to him at the time, and was sure that they came from the agency

of celestial spirits. He asserted very strange things, of his own supernatural knowledge, which he had obtained not only at the time of his initiation, but at other times, even before he was born. He said he knew he had lived through two generations; that he had died twice and was born a third time, to live out the then present race, after which he was to die and never more to come to this country again. He well remembered what the women had predicted while he was yet in his mother's womb; some had foretold that he would be a boy, and others a girl; he had distinctly overheard their discourses, and could repeat correctly every thing that they had said. It would be too long to relate all the wild stories of the same kind which this otherwise intelligent Indian said of himself, with a tone and manner which indicated the most intimate conviction, and left no doubt in my mind that he did not mean to deceive others, but was himself deceived.

"I have known several other Indians who firmly believed that they knew, by means of these visions, what was to become of them when they should die, how their souls were to retire from their bodies and take their abodes into those of infants yet unborn; in short, there is nothing so wild and so extraordinary that they will not imagine and to which, when once it has taken hold of their imagination, they will not give full credit."

"The Indians consider the earth as their universal mother. They believe that they were created within its bosom, where for a long time they had their abode, before they came to live on its surface."

"The Indian Mythologists are not agreed as to the form under which they existed while in the bowels of the earth. Some assert that they lived there in the human shape, while others, with greater consistency, contend that their existence was in the form of certain terrestrial animals, such as the ground-hog, the rabbit, and the tortoise. This was their state of preparation, until they were permitted to come out and take their station on this island as the Lords of the rest of the Creation."

"Among the Delawares, those of the *Minsi*, or Wolf tribe, say that in the beginning, they dwelt in the earth under a lake, and were fortunately extricated from this unpleasant abode by the discovery which one of their men made of a hole, through which he ascended to the surface; on which, as he was walking, he found a deer, which he carried back with him into his subterraneous habitation; that there the deer was killed, and he and his companions found the meat so good, that they unanimously determined to leave their dark abode, and remove to a place where they could enjoy the light of heaven and have such excellent game in abundance."

"The other two tribes, the *Unamis* or Tortoise, and the *Unalachtingos* or Turkey, have much similar notions, but reject the story of the lake, which seems peculiar to the *Minsi* tribe."

"These notions must be very far extended

among the Indians of North America generally, since we find that they prevail also among the Iroquois, a nation so opposed to the Delawares, and whose language is so different from theirs, that not two words, perhaps, similar or even analogous of signification may be found alike in both."

The Indians, combined with this mythology, have from the earliest times considered themselves as connected with certain animals, either as friends or foes. "The Tortoise, or as it is commonly called, the *Turtle* tribe, among the Lenape, claims a superiority and ascendancy over the others, because their *relation*, the great Tortoise, a fabled monster, the Atlas of their mythology, bears according to their traditions this great *island* on his back, and also because he is amphibious, and can live both on land and in the water, which neither of the heads of the other tribe can do. The merits of the *Turkey*, which gives its name to the second tribe, are that he is stationary, and always remains with or about them. As to the *Wolf*, after whom the third tribe is named, he is a rambler by nature, running from one place to another in quest of his prey; yet they consider him as their benefactor, as it was by his means that the Indians got out of the interior of the earth. It was he, they believe, who by the appointment of the Great Spirit, killed the deer whom the Monsey found who first discovered the way to the surface of the earth, and which allured them to come out of their damp and dark residence. For that reason, the wolf is to be honoured, and his name preserved for ever among them."

All savage beasts are looked upon as enemies, though one tribe respects the Rattlesnake, which it calls 'grandfather.' The following story will show that the bear is not in equal repute.

"A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear and broke its back bone. The animal fell and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood up close to him, and addressed him in these words: 'Hark ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would shew it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor.* You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct.' I was present (says the author) at the delivery of this curious

* Probably alluding to a tradition which the Indians have of a very ferocious kind of bear, called the *naked bear*, which they say once existed, but was totally destroyed by their ancestors. The last was killed in the New York state, at a place they called *Hosikt*, which means the *Basin*, or more properly the *Kettle*.

invective; when the hunter had despatched the bear, I asked him how he thought that poor animal could understand what he said to it? 'Oh!' said he in answer, 'the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?'

Among the miscellaneous traits related by the author, we find the following.

"Though the Indian is naturally serious, he does not dislike a jest on proper occasions, and will, sometimes even descend to a pun. Once at a dinner given at Marietta by the late colonel Sproat, to a number of gentlemen and Indian chiefs of various tribes, a Delaware chief, named George Washington, asked me what the name of our good friend, the Colonel, meant in the Lenape language? It should be observed that Colonel Sproat was remarkably tall. I told him that *Sproat* (for so the name is pronounced) meant in English a shoot, or twig of a tree. 'No, no,' replied the Indian, no shoot or twig, but the *tree itself*."

"An Indian who spoke good English, came one day to a house where I was on business, and desired me to ask a man who was there and who owed him some money, to give an order in writing for him to get a little salt at the store, which he would take in part payment of his debt. The man, after reproving the Indian for speaking through an interpreter when he could speak such good English, told him that he must call again in an hour's time, for he was then too much engaged. The Indian went out and returned at the appointed time, when he was put off again for another hour, and when he came the third time, the other told him he was still engaged and he must come again in half an hour. My Indian friend's patience was now exhausted, he turned to me and addressed me thus in his own language: 'Tell this man,' said he, 'that while I have been waiting for his convenience to give me an order for a little salt, I have had time to think a great deal. I thought that when we Indians want any thing of one another, we serve each other on the spot, or if we cannot, we say so at once; but we never say to any one 'call again! call again! call again! three times call again!'

Therefore when this man put me off in this manner, I thought that, to be sure, the white people were very ingenuous, and probably he was able to do what no body else could. I thought that as it was afternoon when I first came, and he knew I had seven miles to walk to reach my camp, he had it in his power to stop the sun in its course, until it suited him to give me the order that I wanted for a little salt. So thought I, I shall still have day light enough, I shall reach my camp before night, and shall not be obliged to walk in the dark, at the risk of falling and hurting myself by the way. But when I saw that the sun did not wait for him, and I had at least to walk seven miles in an obscure night, I thought then, that it would be better if the white people were to learn something of the Indians."

STATISTICS OF EUROPE.

In a statistical work lately published in France, we find a view of the principal powers of Europe with respect to their population, their revenue, and their debt, of which the following is an extract:

FRANCE.—Population 29 millions. Revenue 866 millions (francs). National debt 3 milliards 466 millions, or four times its revenue.

AUSTRIA.—Population 23 millions. Revenue 300 millions. Debt 900 millions, or three times its revenue.

SPAIN (in Europe).—Population 17 millions (13 millions in the colonies). Revenue 160 millions. Debt 3 milliards, or nineteen times its revenue.

GREAT BRITAIN.—Population, in Europe, 17 millions; in Asia, 50; in America, 1 million. Total of the population under the English dominion, 68 millions. Revenue 1 milliard 156 millions. Debt 19 milliards, or eighteen times its revenue.

NETHERLANDS (including the colonies).—Population 6 millions. Revenue 166 millions. Debt 3 milliards and a half, or twenty times its revenue.

PRUSSIA.—Population 11 millions. Revenue 170 millions. Debt 676 millions, or four times its revenue.

RUSSIA (including Poland).—Population 52 millions. Revenue 350 millions. Debt 600 millions, or nearly twice its revenue.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.—Population 12 millions. Revenue 130 millions. Debt 463 millions, or three times its revenue. The author draws the following conclusions:

1. The debts of all the states absorb a part of their revenues, which makes them unable to meet extraordinary and unforeseen expenses, without having recourse to new loans, and consequently to the capitalists—a new power, whose sceptre sways more or less over the whole universe.

2. The powers, or rather the nations, which have attained to the highest degree of civilization, industry, and commerce, are necessarily in a state of comparative decay, with respect to those nations which have yet to advance in any of these three respects. After they have attained their meridian height they can only decline, while others continue to rise.

3. As long wars and foreign enterprizes can no longer be undertaken without credit, they become impossible for a government which has none, or has lost it; which explains how modern projects remain unexecuted.

4. England owes nineteen milliards, or eighteen times its revenue; but she is mistress of the commerce of the world; and supposing that she should one day lose it, yet the capitalists, depending on her power, think they may still venture for a long time to risk with her the most extensive speculations.

Austria is poor in money; her maritime commerce is still in its infancy; her continental power constitutes her whole strength, and suffices to preserve herself. Will it suffice her for external enterprizes?

Among the great powers, France is that which owes the least; gold abounds there; her bankers take part in foreign loans; her debt decreases progressively; to resume the rank which belongs to her, she has only to proceed upon a judicious plan and with a firm step in the road of the constitutional monarchy, the principles of which completely consolidated and sincerely followed, are the only guarantee of public credit.

We may add, that Spain, so loaded with debts and at war with her colonies, finds every where abroad a credit which she could not have obtained a year ago. It is because in European Spain, restored to a free government, agriculture, industry, and commerce, will rise from their state of lethargy, and capitalists have reckoned on the rapid development of these three sources of national wealth and prosperity.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

Addressed to the Admirers of Alliteration, and the Advocates for Noisy Numbers. (1)

Ardentem Aspicio Atque Anectis Auribus Asto.
Virgil.

An Austrian army, awfully arrayed, (2)
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade: (3)

(1) Alliteration, or Pseudo-Rythm, as it is termed by Dr. Hickes and Wormius, was the earliest species of harmony known in this country, and preceded the positive invention of Rythm. It originated with the Skalds or old Danish poets, in their Drotquist, or vulgar song, and was copied by the Anglo-Saxons both before and after the coming of the Danes. Robert Crowley, who printed the first edition of Pierce Plowman's Vision, in 1550 (erroneously dated 1505), says that the author, Robert Langland, "wrote altogether in meter, but not after the manner of our rhymes that write now-a-days, for his verses end not alike; the nature of his meter is to have at least three words in every verse which begin with the same letter." Besides this information, the division of the lives in Pierce Plowman's Visions, evidently denotes that this species of composition was considered in many respects as rythm, and employed as such by many of the Anglo-Saxon Poets. In the Coton Library there are two volumes of ancient English poetry, entirely written in this metre. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, this kind of versification began to assume a new form, and rhymes at the end of the couplet were introduced, in addition to the usual system of alliteration (see the old song of "Little John Nobody"). It however was discontinued towards the end of the sixteenth century, although many of our greatest poets seem occasionally to have practised it, with great judgment and advantage. If not pursued to a ridiculous excess, it must be admitted that it creates a sort of adventurous strength in poetry, which no force of imagination or depth of feeling could possibly effect without it. Dryden is full of alliterative lines. Milton sometimes condescended to introduce (although sparingly) this grace into his versification: and Lord Byron, in our own day, has carried his admiration of it, in some instances, to excess. It is most certain, that much of the power and energy for which his poetry is so remarkable, may be referred to

Cossack commanders cannonading come, (4)
Dealing destruction's devastating doom. (5)
Every endeavour engineers essay, (6)
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray! (7)
Generals 'gainst generals grapple, — gracious
G—d! (8)
How honor Heaven heroic hardihood! (9)
Influriate—indiscriminate in ill—
Kinsmen kill kindred, kindred kinsmen kill: (10)
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines, (11)
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid mur-
derous mines! (12)

this simple origin. Chaucer, although he sneered at alliteration in the lines commencing

"I am a Sotherne man,
I cannot geste, rom, ram, raf by my letter," very frequently adopts it. But we have already very much exceeded the limits of a note on this subject.

(2) Of adamant, and as a centre firm.

Milton's P. L.

Jul. Capitolinus relates that the young Emperor Antoninus Geta, on a particular occasion, ordered an alliterative dinner, viz. a repast composed of dishes the names of which all began with the same letter. But as the passage is curious, and not long, we will transcribe it. "Habebat etiam, istam consuetudinem, ut convivit et macina prandie per singulariter literas junctiverit, scientibus servis, velut in quo erat ansa, aprugna mas; item pullus, perdix, pavo, porcellus, piscis, perna, et que in eam literam genera edulion cederent; et item fasianus, farta, focus, et talia."

(3) A bold, bad, blundering, blustering, bloody booby.—*Attbury on Lord Cadogan.*

(4) Huberta Mink, who flourished in the 10th century, wrote a poem consisting of 300 hexameter verses in praise of buildings, every line of which began with e. He addressed the book to Charles the Bald, or Carolus Calvus, the Emperor. It began as nearly as we can recollect, for we have no means of reference to the volume itself, as follows:

Carmina clarissone calvis cantate Camenae
Comere condigno conabor carmine calvis, &c.

And Clowns come crowding on, with cudgels armed.—*Dryden's Pal. & Ar.*

(5) And downwards with diffusive good descends.—*Dryden, on Mrs. Anne Killigrew.*
Driving sleets deform the day delightfulless.

Thomson's Sprig.

Now die, die, die, die, die. *Shakespeare.*

(6) That Europe's lands shall earnestly be wrought,

And earnest envy shall not last for ever.

Pierce Plowman's Prophecy of Bede.

(7) —————— Beauty plays
Her idle freaks from family diffused

To family, as flies the father dust.

Thomson's Spring.

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.

Dryden's Ode on Music.

(8) For by thy gracious, golden, glittering gleams. *Shakespeare.*

Glide glaring ghastly through the gloom.

Churchill's Ghost.

(9) —————— they waste their skill

On high hung signs, and earth of homely hue.

Phillip's Fall of Chloe's Jordan.

(10) Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

Pope's Rape of the Lock.

(11) He lies a lifeless load along the land.

Pope's Iland.

Who looked like Lent, and had the holy leer.

Dryden's Cock and the Fox.

Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought.
Poor patriots! —partly purchased, partly press-
ed,— (13)
Quite quaking, quickly "Quarter! quarter!"
'quest, (14)
Reason returns, religious right redounds, (15)
Suarrow stops such sanguinary sounds. (16)

(12) Much cost, more care, and mort magni-
ficence.

Dryden's Theodore and Honoria.

(13) At the conclusion of a volume of jocularia, entitled, *Nuges Venales*, published at Amsterdam in 1648, is to be found one of the most whimsical alliterative productions we ever met with, viz. a poem of several hundred lines—*"Pugna Porcorum per P. Porcium, Poetam. Paracelsus pro Protero.* 'It consists chiefly of a satirical jumble of words aimed at the indolence of the monks of that period, all of which however begin with the letter P.' It would appear from the Amphitheatre Sapientiae Socriticae of Dornavians, that Petrus Porcius was only a *nomme de guerre*. The author's name was Petrus Placentius. A German writer, has had the impudence to publish this *jeu d'esprit* as his own, although it was known to be in existence at least a century before he was born. This sort of plunder is common among the German Gropiuses. We quote the first lines of the poem. It is an abundantly curious piece of trifling.

*Plaudito porcelli, porcorum pigra propags
Progreditur plures porci pingue dñe pleni
Pugnantes perguunt, pecudum pars prodigiosa
Pertubat pde petrosa plerunque platenas,
Pars portentose populorum prota profanat,
Pars pungit populando potens, pars plurima
plagis*

Pretendit punire pares, prosterne parvos, &c.

Addison mentions, in No. 59 of the Spectator, one Tryphiodonius, who composed an *Odysssey*, on the adventures of Ulysses, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter A from his first book, which he calls Alpha; the letter B from his second, which he names Beta, for the same reason; and proceeds, in a similar manner, with all the others. We have somewhere seen a hymn to the Virgin Mary, in Latin hexameters, which occupied upwards of ten pages, although it consisted only of changes rung upon the following eight words:

Tot tibi sunt Virgo dotes, quot sidera, caelo!

But we are falling into precisely the error we have been deprecating in this gossiping note, and shall accordingly close it. What Martial has said on the subject may be attended to with advantage.

*Turpe est difficiles habere nugas,
Et stultus labor ineptiarum.*

Whilst we are at the letter p however, we must not omit to remind our readers of the alternative death of the Pippin woman in Gray's Trivia, who retained her taste for this sort of versification some minutes after her head was severed from her body.

Pippins, she cried, but death her voice confounds,
And zip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

(14) Quail crush, conclude, and quill.

Shakespeare's Midd. N.D.

(15) Rough repetition roars in rudest rhyme,
As clappers chinkle in one charming chime.

Lloyd.

(16) Which stir too strongly the soul's secret
springs.

Lord Byron.

Truce to thee, Turkey! — Triumph to thy
train, (17)
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine! (18)
Vanish, vain victory! Vanish, victory vain! (19)
Why wish we warfare? — Wherefore welcome
were (20)
Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere?
Field, yield, ye youths! Ye yeomen, yield your
yell;
Zeno's, Zampater's, Zoroaster's zeal,
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!

LITERATURE & LEARNED SOCIETIES.

NEW ROYAL LITERARY SOCIETY.

When we last week redeemed our promise to the public, of bringing before it the most "interesting literary subject of the present times," we did not imagine that any unauthorized opinions of ours could have stirred up a spirit of detraction, if not of direct opposition, against this noble and beneficent design. It appears however, from a letter signed Alpha in the Morning Chronicle, that the constitutional principle of jealousy of the royal prerogative is extended from *politics* to *literature*! Alpha seems quite alarmed, lest the king should become too popular and powerful by standing at the head of a Society "for the encouragement of *indigent* merit, and the promotion of *general* literature!" He reviles this plan as "extra-loyal;" and he exaggerates "indigent merit" into a new form of "those who are in high places." It is a satisfactory matter, to find that a person of such potent abilities does not intend to crush the New Society in the egg by the weight of his genius: he only proposes to set up a rival establishment, to show that men of his own liberal way of thinking are as competent to write essays as the most loyal persons in Britain. We beg therefore to put him right on one point in which he seems to be mistaken. The royal society is not exclusive; it designates those who are "of distinguished learning, authors of some creditable work of literature, and men of good moral character," as eligible to become members; and we cannot guess what objection Alpha has to these descriptions of persons. If the rival project embraces an opposite course, we shall see his establishment composed of ignorant persons, authors

Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs.

Thomson's Cas. of Indol.

(17) Then we took down our tents that told
a thousand.

Old Ballad, Flodden Field.

(18) Unheard, unheeded, unpitied, unlamented.
Michael Drayton's Heroical Epistles.

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

Scott.

(19) Neu patris validas in viscera vertite vires.
Which has been thus translated:
Wound not with vigour vast the vitals of the
weal!

(20) Where France will side to weaken us by
war.

Dryden's Aeneas Mir.

Of wandering wain the white winged plover
wheels.

Thomson's Spring.

of scandalous works, and men of immoral character; and such being the case, perhaps it will match the Homeric prize question, by one "on the state of religion, society, learning, and the arts, during the period in which the events are laid of another great epic poem, namely, Milton's *Paradise Lost*?"

But it is truly a melancholy thing, that a design calculated to throw a lustre around the crown, to do incalculable benefit to the country, to bring light upon our age, and carry honour down to the latest posterity, should be made a matter of unreasonable and unworthy suspicion. Ever since we could conceive an idea, or hold a pen in the cause of literature, we have been impressed with the conviction that such an Institution as the one now forming, was alone necessary to praise and consolidate the dearest interests of learning*. It delights us to find it emanating from that high quarter, which has all the power and influence required to give it character, consistency, and vigour: and we trust it will be formed on a plan to unite all suffrages.

* Upon this topic, Mr. D'Israeli speaks our sentiments, in his *Essay on the Literary Character.*

OXFORD, DEC. 9.
On Tuesday last the following Degrees were conferred:—

MASTERS OF ARTS.—Rev. W. Rees Davies, Scholar of Worcester College; Rev. Watts Wilkinson, Worcester Coll.; Rev. W. Thurnby, Oriel Coll.

BACHELORS OF ARTS.—G. Smalley, Esq. Trinity College, Grand Compounder: G. Howard Stapleton, Worcester Coll.; J. I. Moynypenny, Wadham Coll.; Hender Molesworth, Exeter Coll.; J. Parker and J. Sneyd, Brasenose Coll.; J. H. Newman, and F. Neale, Trinity Coll.; Hon. A. P. Perceval, Oriel Coll.; T. Meyer, and R. Smith, Pembroke Coll.; Edmund Robinson, and Cosmo Nelson Innes, Balliol Coll.; F. W. Hope, Ch. Ch.; F. Rouch, St. John's Coll.

CAMBRIDGE, DEC. 1.

The Rev. Fenton Hort, of Trinity College, was on Friday admitted Master of Arts; and Mr. R. Partridge, of St. John's College, Bachelor of Arts.

The following gentlemen were yesterday admitted to the undermentioned degrees.—

DOCTORS IN DIVINITY.—The Rev. G. D'Oyly, of Corpus Christi College, and rector of Lambeth; Rev. J. T. Barrett, of St. Peter's College.

MASTERS OF ARTS.—J. Foster, and W. Hanson, of Queen's college.

BACHELORS IN CIVIL LAW.—G. Hole, of Trinity Coll.; G. Walsh Hallam, of Trinity Hall.

At the third Meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society for the present year, on Monday week, a further communication was made from Dr. Wavell of Barnstaple, respecting the remarkable formation of *native natron*, in the tower of Stoke Church, near Hartland, in Devonshire; accompanied by one of the stones of the tower. Afterwards the Vice-President, Dr. Haviland, read an account of the dissection of a young man,

who died of fever; which was attended with a remarkable case of corrosion of the stomach, by means of the gastric fluid, after death. Professor Lee also read, from an Arabian author of the name of *Nassir-eddin*, a very curious demonstration of the doctrine of parallel lines.

Cambridge Observatory.—The members of the *Observatory Syndicate* have made a report of their proceedings to the senate, recommending a field, near the gravel-pits on the north of the Madingley road, as furnishing the most eligible site for an Observatory; which selection of the syndicate has been approved by the senate, and the syndics are now endeavouring to ascertain the precise spot for the building, which may have the advantage of a very distant meridian mark, on the tower, if possible, or on some part of Grauntchester church.

The Syndics have already ordered astronomical instruments to the amount of near 2,300*l.*

The present subscriptions amount to upwards of 6,000*l.* exclusive of the 5,000*l.* which was voted by the University.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY. Last week the Royal Academy lecture room was distinguished, (the fashion spreading from theatres and public meetings has at length got to churches and grave institutions), by a riot. It is said that the lecturer got two stout life-guardsmen to exhibit or spar for the instruction of the pupils in muscular action; but this show was so nearly allied to a turn up at the Fives Court, that it attracted an unusual number of visitors. As all could not be accommodated, a scene of disgraceful struggle ensued, and the theatre of a polite art was converted into a bear garden.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

[By Correspondents.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Having shown proper respect to yourself and the public by steering clear of the angry vivification of rival periodical works, and taking no notice of the venomous attacks which originate in Editorial bosoms against Editors, and are fulminated—

"Not that they write so ill, but sell so well; I trust you will admit the enclosed *jeu d'esprit* as no material departure from the praiseworthy system upon which you have acted. Continue, sir, to struggle for eminence as you have done, by being the first in the race of useful information and delighting literature, and you may safely leave it to any of your contemporaries to try to raise themselves into notice by malignant personalities and scurrilous abuse."

Your friend and constant reader.

RIVAL WRITERS.

Quoth Ding to Dong,
You write quite wrong;

* We generally erase those passages in correspondents' letters which speak flatteringly of the *Literary Gazette*; but the above is an agree-

Quoth Dong to Ding,
You lie, you Thing!
Ding dong; dong ding!
You wont stand long,
Quoth Ding to Dong;
I will, by jing!
Spite of thee, Ding!
Ding dong; dong ding
How vile his song!
Cries Ding of Dong.
Ding cannot sing!
Cries Dong of Ding.
Ding dong; dong ding.
'Gainst thee I'm strong!
Says Ding to Dong:
Thou'rt but a Nine-
unpeopled, fool Ding!
Ding dong; dong ding.
I'll lay my thong,
Bawls Ding, on Dong;
The nose I'll wring,
Shouts Dong, of Ding.
Ding dong; dong ding.

Foul knaves among
The first is Dong:
No rogue a string
Deserves like Ding.
Ding dong; dong ding.
Thus like a gong
Thumps Ding at Dong;
And retorts ring
At Dong from Ding.
Ding dong; dong ding.
Meanwhile the throng
Cares nought for Dong;
The braws of Ding
No readers bring.
Ding dong; dong ding;
Dong ding; dong ding.

TOM BELL,
*Fleet Street, opposite
St. Dunstan's Clock, the shortest
day in the year 1820.*

THE SLEEPERS.

Written in the Sleeping Room of —— Academy.

It's silent influence Sleep has shed
On every little thoughtless head;
The house is free from noise:
Their troubles for the day are o'er,
The tyranny of tasks no more
Their lightened breasts annoys.
They suffer now their daily death:
Aroun'd heard the long-drawn breath,
The heaving coverings rise:
But yet perhaps each playful brain
May some strange phantasm contain,
A fav'rite sport that plies.

This runs a race, perhaps, and that
As earnest grasps the shadowy bat,
And strikes the airy ball;
While this, perchance, the fag or scout,
Unheard is crying, "Put him out!"
As loud as he can bawl.

The next with open mouth who lies,
In broken accents stammering tries
To prove he'll be obeyed;
This, who in fight his strength may try,

able to our sense of right that we have suffered it to remain. It is indeed a sure sign that all the better means of attaining popularity are disregarded, or have failed, when periodical writers find no other way to attract notice but by abusing their cotemporaries. Ep.

Of crimsoned nose or purpled eye
Will waken half afraid.
Oh! happy souls! Oh! trebly blest!
Who thus enjoy a sportive rest,
By watchful care unchecked;
Whose grief, awake, is but the shower
That gently bends the tender flower,
But leaves it more erect.

Dec. 8.

LE PREMIER.

SONG.

Love is a little runaway,
That makes each heart his home;
And when he's had his fun, away
He flies elsewhere to roam.
The mansion where his tricks he's played
Must soon to ruin fall;
By Love left uninhabited,
'Tis nothing worth at all.
If he should take possession,
Eliza, of thy bosom,
Trust not each fair profession,
But chain him, or you lose him.
Let prudence bar the window,
And modesty the door;
Inconstancy to hinder,
'Tis best to make things sure.

Soho.

J. W.

TO A PHYSICIAN WHO TRAGEDYETH.
Most sapient Doctor, thou dost stand alone
For killing men in fancy and in fact;
For though thy muse crowds all her deaths in one,
Thy physic's Drama slays in every act!
Let me conjure thee by his honoured name,
(At once the god of med'cine and of verse)
If not quite callous to the voice of shame,
No longer plays so fatal to rehearse;
For wielding thus a double bolt of thunder,
Even though we 'scape your muse's "worst
of ills,"

To Physic we must speedily knock under—
Swallow your verse, or bolt your poisonous
pills!
Forbear—or all the patients you most prize
Will die—with laughing at your tragedies!

ABEL DRUGGER.

Of Time.

To charm's a gift that's always new,
A bloom that's never blighted;
And slight's the injury Time can do
Two hearts by love united.
The rose that blossoms at mid-day
Is still at eve worth praising,
As rainbows catch a gilded ray
From Sol's decline or rising.

Nov. 7th.

A. A.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.—NO. VI.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1820.

A society of learned Benedictines formerly wrote a history of Paris, in huge folio volumes; but now-a-days, the French regard folio volumes with horror. Even the quarto, so much in fashion in England, are not relished in France; and all publications are reduced to 8vo., 12mo, or even to 18mo. Didot has lately printed a charming Virgil in 24mo; but unfortunately, it requires the eyes of a lynx to read it. A *History of Paris*, in 8vo. has lately been commenced. It will possess the advantage of being written in a

spirit of philosophy which the worthy Benedictines, before mentioned, probably never dreamed of. This new history is by M. Dulaure, who was originally a curate, but who, during the revolution, seized the opportunity of throwing aside his ecclesiastical robe and getting married. This, to be sure, was only acting in conformity to the laws and customs of the times; but he also had a seat in the national convention, and therefore has eternally to reproach himself with having voted for the death of the unfortunate Louis XVI. M. Dulaure has deeply studied the ancient history of France; and has availed himself of all the monuments of antiquity which France still retains, to elucidate facts, and to refute the fables and false assertions that have been circulated in previous histories of Paris. In those remote ages, when cities like individuals, laid claim to illustrious origin, search was made among the ancient heroes, for a founder of the city of Paris. It would appear that the original Parisians were a wretched Belgian horde, to whom the Gauls, out of mere pity, granted an asylum on the northern frontier of their territory; little suspecting that this people would one day exceed in wealth and glory the whole of Gaul. We should have known but little respecting the ancient religion of the Parisians, if there had not been discovered, a few centuries back, below the foundation of the cathedral of Notre-Dame, some stones belonging to an ancient altar, all the sides of which were adorned with bas-reliefs, representing deities, with their names inscribed in latin; these are partly local deities, though it is probable they were also worshipped in other parts of Gaul. An inscription on these stones, states that the altar was erected at the expence of the boatmen of Paris. The trade on the Seine must at that time have been more considerable than at present; for the boatmen of Paris are now poor enough, and have but little money to spare for the erection of altars or any other monuments.

Paris contains but few traces of the Roman dominion, and these few belong to the close of the Empire. The principal monument is the edifice known by the name of the *Thermae*. It is a vast, vaulted hall, which was originally attached to an Imperial Palace, now destroyed. Not long back, a cooper had converted this place into a warehouse for casks and tubs; but the government, at the solicitation of every friend of antiquity, at length resolved to purchase the edifice. The old houses, which surrounded and concealed it, are now pulling down, so that the building will be entirely clear, and may be viewed on all sides. It is probable that the bas-reliefs, above mentioned, and all other Parisian antiquities that may be collected, will be deposited within the building; and thus, every object it contains, will be antique. The construction of this palace is generally attributed to Julius Cæsar, who, as he himself relates, passed some time in Paris; but neither Cæsar, nor any other ancient author, says it was he who built the palace. Julius Cæsar was an economical prince, an enemy to pomp; and besides he was not sufficiently settled in Paris to think of build-

ing a palace. The new history of Paris attributes the erection of this edifice to Constantius Chlorus. It is gratifying to reflect that this remarkable monument, which has for a long period been in the possession of private individuals, has escaped destruction, while many antiquities of more recent date, have successively disappeared in the catastrophes of which Paris has been the theatre at various periods. *The Thermes* doubtless owe their preservation to the solid style in which they are built, which has rendered them useful in modern times.

The early churches of Paris have all been destroyed; the revolution demolished most of them, or so completely changed their destination that they cannot now be recognized. They have in many instances been converted into theatres; and a few years ago, a play was performed at Strasburgh, in a church which yet retained its steeple and burial-ground. Respecting the first introduction of christianity in Paris, a whimsical discovery has been made in late times. According to an ancient tradition, founded on nobody knows what, St. Dennis, the Patron of France, was beheaded on Mont-Marte near Paris, and he carried his head under his arm as far as the city of St. Dennis. This story induced Madame de Cornuel, a woman of considerable wit, to say, "I do not see any miracle in his going so far; in such a case, the first step is every thing (*il n'y a que le premier pas qui cout*). The monks of St. Dennis, felt an interest in inducing people to put faith in this legend, and they shewed the head of the saint to all who wished to see it; but it was also shewn in Paris, and at four other places in France, and finally at Ratisbonne, in Germany. Thus there were no less than seven heads of St. Dennis. But unfortunately for the believers of miracles, it is positively known that St. Dennis was put to death and burnt in Greece, and that he never visited France. Many volumes were formerly written on this important subject, and the monks of St. Dennis stoutly defended their thesis up to the moment when all covents were suppressed throughout the kingdom.

As the festival of St. Dennis is celebrated in the vintage month, and as his name, in Latin *Dyonisius*, is one of the names of Bacchus, it has been presumed, with some reason, that when christianity was introduced in Paris, endeavours were made to give a christian colouring to a pagan festival, which the people were in the habit of celebrating. In a little church in Paris, which stood in the centre of a vineyard, a festival was formerly held called *St. Bacchus*, a name for which it would be vain to search legends and books of martyrs. These substitutions are not more astonishing than those which took place in Paris during the reign of terror, when christian worship was abolished. The altars were suffered to remain, but upon them was placed a wheat-sheaf or an image of the Goddess of Reason. Only a few years back, there was seen above the door of the Church de l'Oratoire, a picture which, before the revolution, represented a group of angels worshipping the Holy Sacrament; during the reign of terror, however, the Host was ef-

faced, and the republican faces and the axe substituted in its stead, so that the angels were made to worship the faces of the Jacobins.

The new historian of Paris makes a remark which seems to be confirmed by facts; namely, what a certain party in France styles the *good old time*, never did exist. The further back we go, the more we find people unhappy and institutions barbarous: it is only since a salutary reform has been introduced into civil and religious institutions, that mankind breathe, at least by intervals: for human passions unfortunately produce as much calamity in civilized society as among barbarians.

MAGNANIMITY REWARDED.

M. de Cortois was a very respectable clergyman, who endeavoured conscientiously to fulfil the duties of his profession. But he was a very handsome man, and in the prime of life, and was generally known in Paris by the name of "the Abbé with the handsome legs."

This agreeable outside was sufficient for the bishop of Mirepoix to form a very unfavourable opinion of him; and when he waited on him, he sought to humble him, and had firmly resolved never to give him a benefice.

The Abbé de Cortois once made a journey from Lyons to Paris in a stage-coach. He had taken the name of Quincey, which was given him by his family to distinguish him from his brothers, and by which he was known in his native place, Dijon.

There were several passengers in the coach who knew as little of him as he did of them. Most probably they had reason to be dissatisfied with M. de Mirepoix. They spoke of him with much acrimony, and painted him in very unfavourable colours. The Abbé Quincey mixed in the conversation, and defended the bishop very zealously, and with very good arguments. He warmly praised his virtues, his good qualities, his irreproachable character, but without offending his opponents by violent contradiction, and succeeded in silencing the censurers.

Among the passengers there was an old clergyman, who had taken no part in the dispute, and did not even seem to notice it. In fact, he scarcely spoke ten words during the whole journey; but he very attentively observed the Abbé Quincey, and when they had arrived at Paris, and the travellers were getting out of the coach, the old priest familiarly pressed the Abbé's hand, and said to him:

"I beg you, Abbé, to visit me in three days hence, at the convent of the Theatines, where I am a monk. Perhaps I may be so fortunate as to be of service to you, and to show you my gratitude for having taken the part of my brother, the bishop of Mirepoix."

The Abbé de Cortois was much surprised that he had unconsciously acquired so powerful a patron, and did not fail to call on the Abbé Boyer on the third day. The latter cordially embraced him, and said, "Go to my brother, and thank him for having applied

to the King in your favour. His Majesty has appointed you Bishop de Belloy."

The Abbé de Cortois instantly waited on the bishop of Mirepoix, who was much surprised at finding that the Abbé Quincey, who had been so strongly recommended by his brother, was no other than the Abbé de Cortois with the handsome legs, whom he had always viewed in so unfavourable a light, and so often unjustly humbled.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—Lord of the Manor—On Wednesday, Mr. Braham sustained the part of Truemore, in this pleasing opera. He was in charming voice, and added to the incomparable treat of harmony which his powers elicited from the songs belonging to the part, by introducing "Ah can I e'er forget thee," "Fame in the battle," "The Soldier's gratitude," and other pieces of delightful music. Madame Vestris was a sweet and lively Annette; Misses Cubitt and Povey very commendable Sophias and Peggy's. There was a dread drawback in (we were going to say the male, but we mean one of the other female parts, owing to the non-appearance of Munden as Moll Flaggion; Mr. Williams was his substitute—and so far from being fit for the regular army to which honest Moll is attached, would not do for the militia, volunteers, or City Bands. Harley however, was a good La Nippe, and Knight exerted his talent to make as much of Ralph as possible. Mr. T. Cooke performed Rashley, and sang with taste and science. Barnard was the young Contrast, which was poor compared to the rich and imitable colouring of Jones, but by no means disputable to this very deserving actor.

Pocohontas.—A hebdomade is a space of infinite value to the dramatic critic. It allows him opportunity to digest his ideas, should the uncommon occurrence of a modern piece lasting that time, render it necessary to express them; whereas should the reverse happen, and the play expire inconveniently, he, while his diurnal brethren so often "waste their sweetness on the desert air," is saved from every sort of waste. In this situation are we placed by the late "Pocohontas, or the Indian Princess." This unfortunate offspring of Indian royalty was born on Friday, and died on Tuesday: like Johanna Southcote, she gave out that she would come to life again on Friday, but she has not kept her word; and as this has rendered the public chance of seeing her again ninety-nine per cent worse than ever, we shall not detain our readers by a minute description of her beauties. Regardful at the same time of the humane, though cowardly and sycophantic axiom, of *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*, we shall abstain from relating her flirtations with one Captain Smith, and other incidents of little importance, except to the parties concerned. The writer is evidently young, for his sentiments belonged to the school, rather than to the play—to his studies rather than to his character.

COVENT GARDEN.—Mr. Vandenhoff, encouraged by his success in King Lear, has been

bold enough to choose Coriolanus as the third character in which to appear on the London stage. It was on Monday last that he attempted to sustain this part; but to our minds the attempt fell far short of success, though he certainly in many parts of the performance evinced very considerable talent. Indeed we are inclined to think so favourably of this gentleman's abilities, that we regret that he has not been more judicious in the choice of his characters. That of Coriolanus is one to which his powers are unequal, or unsuited—and the remembrance of the matchless performance of Kemble is yet too fresh to allow a fair chance of success, even to one more highly gifted than this new candidate. The lofty and swelling pride of the patrician—the fullness and depth of his indignation—the high bearing of his valour, his virtue, and his revenge, are what, (as it seems to us,) Mr. Vandenhoff has not power to express. He was more fortunate in the scene where he solicits the suffrages of the plebeians. There was throughout, (what he could not perhaps avoid,) an imitation of Kemble—but so bad, that we were glad when Yates somewhat maliciously gave the mockery of the first plebeian in a good burlesque of Kemble's style. The audience would not hear the play announced for repetition.

The new Christmas pantomimes announced are, *The North West Passage*, or *Harlequin Esquimaux*, at Drury Lane; and *Harlequin and Friar Bacon, or the Brazen Head*, at Covent Garden. For our friends from all the public schools, we petition the managers to perform these as middle pieces thrice a week for the ensuing month.

VARIETIES.

In conformity with an ordinance issued by the King of France, on the 25th of November, 1819, arrangements have been made at the *Conservatory of Arts and Trades*, for giving public instruction gratuitously on the application of the sciences to the industrious arts. There will be three courses of instruction, namely:—1st. Mechanics; 2d. Chemistry, applied to the Arts; and 3d. Economy in Trade and Manufactures. The first course will be superintended by M. Charles Dupin, of the Royal Academy of Sciences; the second by M. Clement; and the third by M. Say, author of the *Treatise on Political Economy*.

Death of Naldi.—Poor Naldi, the admirable buffo of the King's Theatre, has met with a strange and untimely death at Paris. Going to dine with Garcia, it is stated in the journals, he stopped the valve of a new cooking apparatus, which burst and killed him on the spot. His companion was slightly hurt. A description of the *autoclave* (the machine which proved so fatal) will be found at page 506 of the Literary Gazette for this year.

Unicorns.—The Quarterly Review asserts, on the authority of a letter from Major Latte, that the Unicorn of the Scriptures exists in herds in the hilly country east of Nepaul. It is called *tso'po* in the Thibet language,

and is described at thirteen or fourteen hands high, fierce, and extremely wild. It is seldom caught alive, but frequently shot, and the flesh used for food. The hoofs are cloven, the tail boar-shaped, and the horn long and curved, growing out of the forehead.

English travellers.—A singular account of an English traveller of the name of Cochran has been sent from Petersburgh, and inserted in the Newspapers. We have just received some interesting particulars from Moscow, which we shall insert in our next.

Bon-mot.—“I am the guardian of my own honour,” said one of the leading advocates for reform to his friend, at a late public meeting, in reply to some personal allusions of the ministerial journalists, as to the motives by which he was actuated. “I am exceedingly glad to hear it,” was the reply; “you have been long looking for a place, and have at last settled upon a sinecure!”

Dandy.—Some one has endeavoured to deduce the etymology of this word from *dandi-prat*, a coin, as Rapin informs us, struck in the reign of Henry VII. It has been frequently applied as a term of contempt by the early dramatists. Thus Middleton, in his comedy ‘*More Dissemblers besides Women*,’ makes Dandolo say of Laertio’s page, “there’s no fellowship in this *dandiprat*, this dive-dapper.” In the same play, Linquace says, “Who would be plagued with a *dandiprat* usher,” &c. In Massinger’s *Virgin Martyr*, Hircius, speaking of the attendant of Dorothea, thus soliloquizes upon him: “The smug *dandiprat* smells us out whatever we are doing.” He has just before entitled him a “*jackanapes*,” a “white faced monkey,” and a “*chitty-faced page*.” Old Marston, in his “*Scourge for Villanies*,” notices the *dandiprats*, and so does honest Master Dekker, in one of his comedies. The term seems to have been in common request in the age of Queen Elizabeth, as an epithet of reproach.

Anecdote.—The celebrated Earl of Hardwicke, Chancellor of Great Britain, was the son of an attorney at Dover. During his education for the law, which commenced by his serving a clerkship with an attorney, he was frequently teased by the wife of his employer, a notable housewife, with trifling errands, as foreign to the circumstances of his profession as they were inconsistent with propriety and decorum. He soon took an opportunity to put an end to this, with one positive and peremptory refusal. “As you are going by the Green Grocer’s, Mr. Yorke, will you be so good as to buy me a cauliflower?” was the last request he was ever troubled with. At his return the cauliflower was produced, which he observed cost one shilling and sixpence—sixpence for the cauliflower, and a shilling for a sedan chair to bring it home in!!

Sir Walter Scott was lately unanimously elected President of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, *vice* Sir James Hall, resigned. Mr. Brougham was also recently chosen Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow.

Pillory.—Lord Kenyon’s motto; *Magnanimitate crucem sustineo*, has been thus apparently translated.—“I boldly recommend the punishment of the pillory.” It should be remarked, that it was at his suggestion this penalty began regularly to be inflicted upon persons guilty of perjury, &c.

Learning.—“No man,” says Selden, “is the wiser for his learning; it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit, as well as wisdom, is born with a man.”

Plays.—In an old account book of Bernard Linton, the bookseller, the following information respecting the prices usually paid for the copyrights of plays is gleaned. Tragedies were then the fashionable dramas, and obtained the best price. Dr. Young received for his *Bushriff*, 84.; Smith, for his *Phædra* and *Hipolytus*, 50.; Rowe, for his *Jane Shore*, 50.; 15.; and for *Lady Jane Gray*, 75.; 5s.; and Cibber, for his *Nonjuror*, obtained 105l.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

DECEMBER 1820.

Thursday, 14—Thermometer from 29 to 41. Barometer from 30, 03 to 30, 13.

Wind N. $\frac{1}{2}$, and N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally clear. Rain fallen .075 of an inch.

Friday, 15—Thermometer from 20 to 34. Barometer from 30, 13 to 30, 08.

Wind S. E. $\frac{1}{2}$, and E. b. S. 2 and 3.—Generally cloudy; sunshine in the afternoon.

Saturday, 16—Thermometer from 26 to 34. Barometer from 29, 89 to 29, 72.

Wind E. b. S. 1, and 2.—Cloudy. Snow and sleet all the afternoon and evening.

Sunday, 17—Thermometer from 28 to 39. Barometer from 29, 78 to 30, 00.

Wind E. b. N. and N. E. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Generally foggy. Snow on the ground 3 inches thick.

Rain fallen .1 of an inch.

Monday, 18—Thermometer from 35 to 41. Barometer from 30, 22 to 30, 36.

Wind E. b. N. $\frac{1}{2}$.—Foggy and cloudy. A misling rain in the evening.

Tuesday, 19—Thermometer from 40 to 47. Barometer from 30, 32 to 30, 49.

Wind E. b. S. $\frac{1}{2}$, S. b. W. and W. 0.—Cloudy, till the evening, when it became foggy. The upper part of a halo was formed about 8 o’clock P. M.

Rain fallen .025 of an inch.

Wednesday, 20—Thermometer from 35 to 49. Barometer from 30, 54 to 30, 41.

Wind S. E. 0.—Morning foggy, and cloudy all day.

Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. M. asks for the precise address of Mr. Ab. Meawell, of Caxcspide, whose letter we inserted in our last; and expresses a hope that we may “persuade him to carry on his conscientious plan one more week.” Unfortunately, the repentant trader was ruined by his attempt at honesty, and become a bankrupt. His address will consequently appear in a different Gazette from ours, next Saturday.

“*A Mother*” will gather from an article of our review written before receiving her letter, that we agree with her in opinion on the subject of juvenile literature; we would rather show our approbation in this way than by entering into discussions with others.

ERRATUM.—In the concluding note of the paper on the New Royal Society, last week, l. 7 from the bottom, for “*imports*” read “*import*.”

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Omne tulit primum qui miscuit nile dulci.—Hor.

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